

THE
MUSICAL WORLD,
A WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

To know the cause why music was ordained,
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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OUR MUSICAL WANTS.—No. II.

BY EGERTON WEBBE.

"Animadverterint omnes disciplinas inter se conjunctionem rerum et communicationem habere."
(VITRUV. Lib. I. cap. I.)

LET us proceed systematically—for it is a grave case we have entered upon, and must be conducted with circumspection. I have ventured to charge English composers generally with a *want of education*, and this I have divided into two kinds—the want of *musical*, and the want of *general education*. The former charge was disposed of, so far as suits the scope of this essay, in a previous paper.* The latter is for present argument.

Every art has its mechanical, its scientific, its intuitive, its intellectual, and its moral part. Accordingly I hold it for a truth that he cannot be a great artist who is not at once an ingenious man, a profound man, a gifted man, a high-minded man, a good man. This is a startling catalogue of merits, and fortunately many a respectable professor is furnished at a much less expense to nature,—but no truly great artist, no poet of his art. Up to a certain point, excellence is in proportion to the cultivation of the particular matter of an art—beyond that point it has a bearing on general causes. For example, if I would ascertain the claims of some musician, my inquiries would at first be directed to his knowledge of counterpoint, his pursuit of a certain style, his application to particular models, &c., these being what I mean by "the particular matter of the art;" but if I would ascend further, and examine into loftier sources of excellence, I should next perhaps be asking him—what he thought of the Magdalen of Coreggio? How Spenser affected him? Whether he enjoyed a thunder storm? Whether he loved his father and mother?—Stare not at this, ye paper-blotters! Do you not see throughout creation how nothing is individual or distinct, but all is connected—dependent—relative? There is no insulation in the works of nature. The waters are not on one side of the globe, the land on the other; but dense and rare, fluid and solid, every where commingle

* No. 64, of "The Musical World."

and are one ; the very kingdoms into which for convenience we divide our material world, refuse to be separated, and philosophers are at a loss to draw the line betwixt the mineral and vegetable, the vegetable and animal states. If nature is bound by such conditions—art much more. Pray then consider that music is not a thing isolated from the general body of science, but is an integral part of it, that it has its relations and dependencies with the other arts, giving and receiving light like them, and deriving strength from alliance. He who would perfect himself in music must therefore adorn himself in many ways, and must not imagine that what he gives to other tastes he takes away from his proper pursuit. It is a false diligence which forbids diversion from the main purpose. Like a ship that often finds its best progress in a zigzag course, the mind advances while it seems to digress, and frequently receives from side winds an impetus which it would seek in vain in a more direct track. If a composer of music has both genius and knowledge—and we speak of no other—he need not fear that either will run away. Let him seek to improve his understanding, to enlarge his tastes, to open his heart to general sympathies ; let him observe how many things are beautiful in the world *besides* music—his passion for that art will suffer no abatement in consequence, nay it will derive increase ; for if music is still the favourite of his heart, if he still prefers her before all other objects, then the knowledge of the excellence and beauty of those other objects, before which he prefers her, must needs raise the charms of his favourite still higher in his regard. Upon the whole there is perhaps nothing more melancholy in life than a *mere* musician. Melancholy ?—why it is laughable ; a man whose mind is cut up into so many bar-lengths, who has nothing in him more durable than a semibreve ; whose only idea of pleasantry is an *allegro*, of gravity an *adagio* ; a man who has no fancy but only a *phantasia*, who is never tender but in *A flat*, with whom the very air he breathes is a sort of air with variations ! Some have been so ignorant that it was fair to imagine that their alphabet terminated with G of the gammut, and their arithmetic with the *sharp ninth*. Talk to such a man of the affairs of country life, and he replies with a *pastorale* in $\frac{3}{4}$ measure ; he thinks the most interesting and important scene in the world is the Hanover Square Rooms on a Queen's night ; he never was out of London town, and he draws his idea of a mountain from the orchestra at Exeter Hall Festival ; he has heard of Dover cliff, but is not quite clear whether it is a bass or a tenor ; he thinks that nature originally ruled five lines, and gave crotchets to man ; his poetical researches are confined to the works of Fitzball ; his knowledge of history is derived from Barnet's history of Fair Rosamond.

It has often been urged in defence of uneducated followers of the Fine Arts (for painting and sculpture do likewise confess many such in the train of their votaries) that those arts require such an unflinching devotion to the mechanical as to leave no time for snatching at graces beyond their immediate province. I do not hesitate to denounce such an opinion as grossly erroneous. Owing to the little encouragement given in this country to high art, there exists no liberal scale of education for artists. Private instruction is limited to superficial practical acquirements, because nothing else is marketable ; or if a master can

be obtained for theory and the science of composition, such master—the chances are—either knows not well himself what he would teach, or, from the little demand it is in, has devised no sound method of communicating his knowledge. Public instruction remains. Yes—there are Royal Academies! but, as it was once said to Queen Elizabeth, there is unfortunately “no *royal* road to knowledge,” and the truth of that honest speech has, I believe, never been contradicted either in Tenterden Street or the Strand. Thus it is that both our musicians and our painters, but the former more conspicuously, are turned out on the town not half educated for their professions, and have to become *masters* in their turn—hoaxing respectable families with the royal arms and a power of gilt buttons. Now the consequence of this radical misfortune—the absence of early scientific instruction—is exhibited in two ways. He who is not blest with a genius able to supply the deficiencies of his professional education, sensible of a secret destitution, adopts a course of trickery and *clickery*,* or of impudence and assumption—according as his disposition is for boldness or intrigue—which carries him through life a scorn to the honest; while he who *has* genius, is all his days in a continual hurry-scurry and perpetual drive after that knowledge which he wants,—like the late riser, described in one of Cobbett’s sermons, who was always running after the half hour he lost in the morning. Such a man has no time, therefore, to spare for other objects than those strictly professional, he sadly feels how far he is from the mark at which he would be content to repose, and is of course not to be blamed if he thinks musical knowledge more important than any other to a musician. He is, undoubtedly, right,—but *he should have thought of this before*. Yes, he must, assuredly, possess himself of those advantages which are indispensable to the successful pursuit of composition; but the mischief of this absence of a sound early foundation is, that all the pains in the world hardly accomplish that in after life which a few years in the season of youth without difficulty achieve, and thus many a musician of promising talent and of an ambition disposed to grapple with every difficulty, finds his sand three parts run out before he has been able to put himself so much as in a condition to give his genius fair play; his life has been passed in a series of exercises and experiments, and by the time he has acquired—if he ever does effectually acquire—a due mastership over the materials of his art—death is ready, or, what is all one for his hopes of fame, his imagination is spent—his fire extinct; he can only become the teacher of his art, and bequeath to others those stores now useless to himself. Such misfortune reminds us of that epigram in the Anthology, in which one complains that he has at length come to riches with which he knows not what to do.†

* This is a new word, but likely to become useful. It has the original title to creation which all legitimate words have had—significance. Many great men should employ themselves in deriving it.

† Thus Englished:

In my youth, when of course I had need of one most,
Of no fortune, alas! was I able to boast,
Though I’d numerous wants to employ it.
My case is a hard one it must be confessed,
For now an old man with a fortune I’m blest
When I can’t any longer enjoy it.

This is in some measure a recurrence to the subject of the former paper; but I wished to show that the one deficiency complained of is the cause of the other. If musicians received a sound professional education to begin with, so as to enter upon their career with every qualification that science could confer, instead of spending their lives in voyages of discovery after the principles of composition, and toiling in the fiftieth year at matters familiar to every German apprentice, then there would be time for them to look about them and improve themselves in those other respects, less immediately bearing on the profession indeed, but certainly having the directest connexion with the successful exercise of the art in its highest walk. We have departed from the example of the ancients in nothing more unfortunately than in our systems of professional education. I speak generally. We carry out the principle of the division of labour—a beautiful principle in its general political operation—to a point of excess. For in all things there is a certain *focus* of excellence where the rays of truth converge, and beyond which, instead of increasing in intensity, they dispart and give place again to confusion. Modern utility-men, therefore, who are for carrying out principles further than they can or will go, are like children, who finding the view grow clearer as they contract the telescope, cannot stop till they have restored obscurity. To apply this observation. It is imagined that because exclusive devotion to one study begets mastership over its details, therefore the same course, being pursued, becomes the true road to eminence;—that because an unremitting application to the business of a profession gives practical readiness, therefore attention to other subjects must detract from the amount of success in that profession, by as much as it trenches on such exclusive pursuit. Now it was a general doctrine amongst the wisest of the sons of men, that that was not a perfect training to any art, which did not embrace an ample and liberal cognizance of the other branches of knowledge. The Greeks early perceived that wonderful and interesting connexion that subsists among the arts and sciences; and as they ever abhorred—worthy to be resembled even in their hatreds!—a pragmatism and self-sufficient character, whether in ethics or æsthetics, and clearly saw,—first, that the form was naught without the spirit,—secondly, that the spirit was not to be cited without such an enlargement as might prepare the mind worthily for its entertainment,—they accordingly set about those systems of education, which we have laughed at—but never equalled. However, without wishing here to preach Hellenism, or otherwise to disturb the reign of the *Mighty Practical* than with the most private individual murmur of disaffection, it will not be denied me that *anything* may be overdone—that it is possible even for Utility to overreach herself. Is it not indeed rather a striking fact in evidence, that an age remarkable for extraordinary technical excellence—an age of prodigious exactness in the *minutiæ* of execution—an age of operators—of artisans in woollens and water-colours—of skilful workers in wood and ivory, and (which is more germane to the matter) skilful workers *on* wood and ivory—that such an age, so full of what is exquisite in practical achievement, should be so barren of other greatness—of grandeur in composition, of pathos, sublimity, and all the old furniture of genius? If any one, however, shall regard this fact in its true light, he will not be at any difficulty to account for it. For, behold, all these things hang together:

1. The race is not for love, but *money*.
2. Money comes not to merit in its seclusion, but to popularity in its public places.
3. Popularity attends not on him who attends on his own impulses, but on him who consults the public taste.
4. The public taste is not for that which is great and noble, but for that which is petty and exact. (Of these it can judge, of the other not.)
5. The petty and exact (and I mean not only the trivial and foolish, but the laborious and technical also) are not to be acquired, or in any degree furthered, by elevation—by enlargement of the understanding—by various knowledge—or any of those kindred excellencies which have been claimed as the legitimate and fit companions of the musical art; but they *are* to be acquired, and they *are* to be furthered, by littleness—by exclusiveness—by narrow-minded technicality—by literality—by sameness and silliness—by “trickery and clickery,” &c. &c.

Alas! alas! how unworthy of an art so noble—once proud of its philosophers and its poets—the beloved of Plato!—now a *boudoir* thing.

MEMOIR OF AUGUST FERDINAND HÄSER.

THE family of Häser is one of the most remarkable which occur in the musical history of more recent times, and the memory of it must endure as long as art shall flourish. John Geo. Häser, the first of the family who distinguished himself in the musical profession, was the son of a carpenter at Gersdorf near Grlitz, where he was born on the 11th Nov. 1729. He was originally intended for the bar, and accordingly studied jurisprudence at the Lyceum at Lobau and the University of Leipsic. In 1756, however, he renounced the study of law, and devoted himself entirely to that of music. After filling the station of orchestral-director at Leipsic, and musical director of the University Church, for a number of years, he died on the 15th March, 1809, leaving seven children, five of whom inherit, in a high degree, their father's love of art and philosophy.

Aug. Ferdinand Häser, the subject of our present notice, the third son of the preceding, was born at Leipsic, on the 15th October, 1779. Like his father he was not originally intended for the musical profession, but devoted himself to the study of theology. To this end he attended the Nicolai school at Leipsic, from 1789 to 1791, and then till 1793 the Gymnasium at Eisleben, and from 1793 to 1796 as a pupil at the Thomas School at Leipsic. At Michaelmas 1796 he entered the University. Yielding, however, to an unbounded fondness for art, he left the University in the following year, and became fourth teacher at the Gymnasium, and cantor at the High Church of Lemgo. This appointment, however, did not prove propitious to his enthusiastic love of music and irresistible desire to occupy himself most effectually for its advancement; and from local circumstances, his intimate friends were led to look forward with regret to the prospect of that eminent know-

ledge and skill in his art which he had already obtained, being lost to the world. Contrary to all his expectations, however, he could do but little there for music itself, though, from his situation of musical director, he stood at the head of all the musical arrangements of the place : while this very circumstance afforded him neither time nor opportunity for the enjoyment of another taste, which he must afterwards have found of the greatest use to him, namely his researches in the wide fields of musical philosophy. For this object alone did he take up the study of mathematics, and received instructions in it from 1799 to 1806, in the two higher classes of the Gymnasium. A work which he wrote on the subject, 'Das Duodecimalsystem,' appeared at Lemgo in 1801.

In Sept. 1804, he married Dorothea Schwabedissen, and, from 1806 for some years, he with his wife accompanied his sister Charlotte (the celebrated singer, in her professional tours to Italy, &c. During the whole of this time his attention was entirely directed to the study of music and of several modern languages, especially the Italian ; and the benefits which music has thereby derived, though they may be conceived from his many works and writings, are scarcely capable of being set forth in their full power and strength. After his return from Italy, he resided privately at Lemgo until 1815, when he was elected sub-corrector of the Gymnasium there. In this capacity he gave instructions in mathematics and the Italian language.

At Easter 1817 he was honoured with a commission to organise a new choir for the court theatre at Weimar, and invited to take upon himself the direction of it. He dedicated himself to this work with all the power which his genius and his varied and almost unlimited professional knowledge afforded him—a knowledge which he had manifested by many essays and articles (some published anonymously) which he had contributed to the principal musical journals of Germany, but principally by his "*Versuch einer systematischen Gesangslehre*," (Attempt at a systematic Art of Singing) published by Breitkopf and Hartel ; and more recently by his "*Chorgesangschule*," published at Mainz by Schott in 1833, and which has been translated into French by J. Jelen-sperger, Professor at the Conservatorium at Paris. The talent displayed in these works induces us to express a hope, and we trust he will lend a willing ear to the suggestion, that he, perhaps in conjunction with Nauenburg, would furnish the world with such a general system of vocal music, as would not only meet the necessities of every branch of vocal art, but satisfy the demand of the times. Vocal instruction books abound, but such an one as we have described, and the want of which all who have studied the matter feel deeply, no where exists, and we know of no pen so capable of supplying this deficiency as Häser's.

This as loudly proclaimed, as it was a well-founded recognition of his thorough knowledge and beneficial exertions in his profession, was attended with the most agreeable results. From 1817 until the time of their marriage with the princes Charles and William of Prussia, did the princesses Mary and Augusta continue to receive musical instructions from him. At Easter 1829 he was appointed musical-director at the High Church of Weimar. Since 1831 he has directed the musical studies of her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Marie Pawlowna, the sister of the Emperor Nicholas, who is at the same time a great

lover of the art, and a well-skilled musician; and in 1833 he received from the Grand Duke of Weimar, as a mark of his respect for his various services both to the Church and to the Theatre, the great gold medal of civil service.

As a composer he is chiefly known by his grand oratorio 'Die Kraft des Glaubens,' (The Power of Faith)—by Klopstock's 'Vater Unser,' which he has composed twice, once for solo voices, with chorus and full orchestral accompaniments, and then for male voices only and with the brass instruments—his great 'Sanctus,' likewise twice composed—and his last work, the opera of 'Die Neger, oder Robert und Marie,' the text of which was written by his brother Wilhelm. He has, besides these works, written much for the church, the stage, and the concert-room, much also for the occasional grand festivals at the court of Weimar; an overture to 'Deutsche Treue,' another to 'Des Hasses und der Liebe Rache,' both published by Hofmeister of Leipsic; and two other overtures for a full orchestra, a Miserere, Salve Regina, Requiem, Kyrie and Gloria, Te Deum, Masses, various songs and ballads, and many different pieces for the piano-forte and other single instruments, besides quartetts, &c. These works all abound with marks of a profound imagination, and of a genuine appreciation of the various modes of producing musical effect, and of their value and character, and display no less the love of that which is genuine and beautiful, than the power of creating it.

CHERUBINI'S SECOND REQUIEM MASS.

THE following notice of Cherubini's Second "*Requiem*," which we announced in No. 67, p. 30, is from the pen of Mons. Halevy, in the "*Revue et Gazette Musicale*."

This second composition, he says, proves that genius does not grow old, and that there are men so favoured by heaven, that Time in his course, waits for them. This work is from beginning to end a masterpiece of thought, style, and execution. All the resources of the art—all the gradations of colour—the most delicate as well as the most brilliant, are employed with magic skill in this magnificent picture. The two first movements, instinct with grief, and a pious resignation, make one feel the nothingness of man. But at the "*Dies iræ*," the humanity disappears; God alone speaks; it is the day of judgment; the judge advances in all his majesty; the graves open; and the "loud ethereal trumpet" summons all their inhabitants to the foot of the supreme tribunal. There no longer is the thought of death; "*Mors stupebit*." This grand scene is magnificently conceived. It is the power and the elevation united of a Michael Angelo.

Then, that cry of anguish; "*Salva nos fons pietatis*!" How admirably rendered! and subsequently the exclamation of hope; "*Voca me cum benedictis*!" how profoundly penetrating! How these two exclamations of a suffering soul, breathe confidence in the clemency and bounty of the supreme judge! During the catastrophe of the last judgment, in the midst of the tombs and bursting earthquake, the feeble groans of men are swallowed up in the horrible tumult. But the great work

is accomplished; the earth is no more. The voices of the just, whom God hath chosen, are lifted up in behalf of those whom the righteous judge hath smitten. I fear not to affirm that there exists nothing more sweet, more religious than the admirable piece; "*Pie Jesu, Domine, dona eis Requiem!*" It is the pure incense steaming up to the throne of grace. If I felt inclined to go into a technical detail of this part of the composition, I would remark upon the happy disposition of wind instruments, sustained while the stringed instruments continue the design, which hangs like a last reminiscence of the awful judgment—a low and final murmur of the great catastrophe.

The succeeding movement, the offertory; "*Domine, Jesu Christe, rex gloriæ,*" and the "*Sanctus,*" do not present the same resources to the composer. Here the musician can no longer appear as the painter or the poet. Nothing remains but to applaud his uncommon skill in availing himself of every resource of art. Eulogy of this kind, however, is superfluous when applied to any work by Cherubini.

The little prayer "*Pie Jesu,*" is again one of those rare and sublime inspirations, which, in moments of clemency, the Deity bestows upon genius. A low rich tone of colour is, as it were, suffused over the whole of this little piece; the like of which we have never met with. One may picture to oneself a ray of light passing through a Gothic window, and softly falling upon the holy tabernacle.

"The "*Agnes Dei,*" worthily concludes this beautiful composition. The righteous have entreated for the ill-doers; they have implored for them a perpetual repose, and they submissively wait the fiat of omniscience. In the present instance Cherubini has not renewed the magnificent effect of his first requiem upon those beautiful words, "*Et lux perpetua luceat eis!*" In the former work of this great master they are most admirably rendered; there is such a weaving of the harmonies, that, through the ear the mind acquires some perception of eternity. They are chords without repose, unresolved; and the words "*lux perpetua,*" are described in the most sublime manner by this melodious succession, which constantly renews the same phrase, and repeats it without exhaustion. But it is not granted to art, or even to genius, twice to accomplish such a marvel.

To conclude, it is superfluous to institute a comparison between two master-pieces; if, however, we were inclined to draw a parallel between the two requiems of Cherubini, we should say that the first is more full of pomp and ceremony, more lofty; it is a requiem for monarchs. The second is more familiar, more really sorrowful and funereal; its grief is more human and domestic. The one is the requiem of sovereigns and nations; the other, the requiem of man and his family. One may perceive in it the Carthusian making his grave; the tears are genuine; it is mourning without pomp. It might be imagined that the author had written this second requiem under a sense of depression. All the better, since it has given us a master-piece wholly unlike the former. Cherubini has now only to congratulate himself upon having produced even one of these works, which from its grand proportions, is destined to live from age to age. Since the author has once more tried his strength, and has come out from the self-contest with victory, may he

not, with Eutellus, cast away the cestus. No one, of a truth, more than he, deserves to taste the sweets of a glorious repose; but the art cannot enumerate too many master-pieces, and we believe that at the present moment, there is even more than one in the ever-vigorous and brilliant imagination of the author of *Elisa and Medea*.

F. HALEVY.

REVIEW.

The Gresham Prize Composition, (No. 6) an Evening Service, by the Rev. W. H. Havergal, A.M. &c. &c.—NOVELLO.

WE look on this work with kindly feelings, and heartily should we rejoice to be assured that the members of the sacred order to which the composer belongs, were generally as well initiated as himself in the science of sweet sounds. Mr. Havergal has already been noticed in these pages, and the offsprings of his genius and fancy have been such as to meet with just and general approbation. He is perfectly *au fait* in the ecclesiastical school of Messrs. Crotch and Horsley; and could have been under no uneasy apprehensions as to the ultimate fate of his prize essay. It is as good, as correct, and as novel as any writing we have yet seen from the pen of the gentlemen alluded to; and we have no doubt, they felt high gratification in awarding Mr. Havergal the post of honour he now occupies. With his fortunate companions in arms, Messrs. Hart, Goss, Pye, Lucas, and Elvey, his fame will descend to posterity as one of the conservatives of that style of church music, which the (*soi-disant*) great lights of this country hold up as the most brilliant and estimable; and Mr. Havergal and his companions may indulge in feelings of enviable complacency when they see their names enrolled amongst that glorious but select band, from which, by a too rash indulgence in their wayward, fantastic and dogmatical opinions, such men as Wesley, Attwood, Wesley junr., Turle, Lord, and others of doubtful fame and reputation, as writers in the PURE SCHOOL have for ever thrown away all chance of admission. We presume Mr. Havergal and his successful companions are satisfied; doubtless Messrs. Crotch and Horsley are; we believe Wesley and the other unfortunates to be so; and may we be permitted to indulge a humble hope, that the Lady of Crosby Square is equally pleased at the annual result of her zeal, so nicely tempered according to knowledge.

Now a few words on this service, considering it a specimen of the Crotch-Horsleyan order of ecclesiastical composition; first with regard to the forms of its cantilena, (out of deference to Reicha we must not use the term melody) and afterwards to its periodic phrasing, modulation, and its fugal points and imitations. The cantilena is unisonous and confined to the soprano, of which the other parts are a mere harmonical accompaniment. The cantilena is not in the church style, for it possesses no one character in common with the cantilena exhibited by Gabrieli, Palestrina, Bird, or Farrant. Much of the rich and strange effects of the old contrapuntal music arises from the Grecian-Gregorian march of the cantilena, one part walking forth in a separate diatonic scale, as if in defiance and without reference to another. Mr. Havergal's cantilena is not diatonic even in the common acceptation of the term—there are in several instances unnecessary accidentals which display its modern origin. See the D sharp and G sharp, in bars 5 and 6, at page 6, where the departure from the diatonic scale is clumsy and awkward.

With respect to the periods, the composer has confined himself to the use of the tonic, dominant, relative minor and its dominant: thus the phrases close either on A, E, F sharp, or C sharp. In page 5, there appears an A sharp, leading to the relative minor of the subdominant, and in the closing codas a

G natural leading into the subdominant, but there is no single phrase commencing or concluding in these keys. The modulation is consequently beyond conception poor and confined; except the short fugued point formed by a circle of descending fifths at the bottom of page 9, all is barren from Dan to Beersheba; even the celebrated recipe for the sublime given by DR. CROTCH *à la BIRD* is not to be found.* Without going into detail we would suggest that the following keys might also have been used, and these in the diatonic manner, and in the ecclesiastical school of composition,

Tonic major	A.	c sharp.	E.
		c sharp.	E. G sharp.
	A.	C sharp.	F sharp.
Tonic minor	A.	C.	E.
		C.	E. G.
		G.	B. D.
	A.	C.	F.
		D.	F. A.

(N.B.—The large letters refer to keys major, the small to minor.)

The fugal points and imitations may be dismissed in a line—they are as new, clever, and close, as most of those which are found in Mr. Horsley's compositions—but we fervently trust some heaven-directed accident may speedily carry them into that oblivion which they richly deserve. We totally disapprove of many things in the walk of the harmonies; crotchets succeeding each other ought not to bear independent harmonies, and when possible, the voice parts should carry out the harmony in its perfect form; whereas we find several instances in which the arrangement is so made as to cover up defects in the vocal score. If Messrs. Crotch, Horsley, and Havergal, wish to enlarge their reading, or get rid of a little innocent bigotry, we recommend as the great book of beginnings—Bach's Corales, a work which it is impossible for them to study without the greatest benefit.

Psalms and Hymns, being a Collection of Tunes, adapted to the several selections made for the church, and more particularly to that compiled for the use St. Margaret's, Westminster, by the Rev. H. H. Milman, M.A. &c. to which are added chants for the services, and responses to the Commandments, and a concise system of chanting, by J. B. Sale, Organist of St. Margaret's, Westminster, &c. &c. LONSDALE, MILLS, CHAPPELL, CRAMER, NOVELLO, &c.

Mr. Sale has produced one of the best collections of tunes which we have yet seen. In the choice of his words, he has received the able assistance of the Rev. H. H. Milman; and in the musical portion of his work he has received contributions from Messrs. Wesley, Turle, Gauntlett, Horsley, Elliot, Burrowes, Attwood, Crotch, Jolly, Sir George Smart, &c. &c. The Lady Cust, the Earl of Wilton, Sir John Rogers, and other noble amateurs, have also added to the value of the book by their excellent compositions; also appear numerous excellent corales by Mr. Sale, and two by his daughters, Miss Sophia Sale and Mrs. J. W. Thoms. The book contains every well known tune of established reputation, with a great variety of novelties from the German *Coral-bücher* of Sebastian Bach, Schneider, Latrobe, &c. &c. The arrangements are classical, and display a wider range than is generally found in works of a similar nature; and as Mr. Milman's selection affords a great variety of measures, the melodies are more energetic, free-flowing and expanded than usual. The work extends over 274 pages, but our columns are so crowded that we can allude to only a few examples. Amongst the novelties are, Merton, page 49; Westminster, page 4; Clewer, page 90; Hymns, 8

* We recommend to the notice of Messrs. Crotch, Horsley and their disciples, the anthems of Weldon, in Boyce's Cathedral Music, as examples for modulation.

and 30, by Mr. Sale and his daughters; many new melodies of a singularly beautiful character by Samuel Wesley, and some arrangements by Mr. Gauntlett, from Bach and others. Mr. Sale has also transplanted several elegant airs from Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Gluck, Avison, &c. The book is an exquisite specimen of musical typography, and is preceded by a very sensible preface on English psalmody, which is followed by a few hints on chanting. We scarcely need add that it well merits the distinguished patronage under which it appears. It is dedicated to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and amongst a list of about five hundred names, appear those of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and, we believe, every member of the royal family; together with a host of noble amateurs celebrated in the fashionable circles. There are a few errors of the engraver, which will, no doubt, be rectified in subsequent impressions, and may be easily amended in the present.

CONCERTS.

MISS CHAMBERS AND SIGNOR DE BEGNIS' CONCERTS were both numerously and fashionably attended. The severe illness which has befallen Lablache, prevented him rendering his valuable services on these occasions. We were rather amused at the difference of opinion displayed by two of our contemporaries, respecting the merits of a lady singer, of whom one remarked 'It is to be regretted that this lady continues to select Scotch ballads, as though her singing of them (considered merely as singing) is faultless, she wants that feeling which is requisite to give popular melodies their peculiar charms;' whilst the other affirms that the lady 'enraptured every one by the clear harmonious delicacy of her tones, in the ballad, which was encored, &c.'

THE BEETHOVEN COMMEMORATION.—The grand concert held at Drury Lane, on Wednesday evening, in furtherance of the subscription towards erecting a monument in Bonn, his native city, was, we regret to say, very thinly attended; a result not altogether unexpected, although the combination of circumstances which led to it, ought not in justice to have operated in such a manner. In the first place, the concert was too late in the season to meet with a fashionable audience, and although the members of the Ancient Concert orchestra came forward to a man in so honourable a cause, the Lord and Lady subscribers, perhaps without exception, turned their backs on the affair. To be sure, until these few years, they had never heard of Beethoven or seen his name in their concert bills; and perchance they took this occasion of resenting the energy and zeal of Lord Burghersh, in insisting to have such small portions of the great composer's music introduced, as were written at the commencement of the present century. The amateurs were listless in the cause, but for a different reason. They had not been consulted; if their assistance had been asked for, they would have mustered two or three hundred strong; and as Beethoven's choruses are familiar to them in every shape, the call would have been responded to with joy. Lord Burghersh may take our word for it, that in bringing in the amateurs, he attracts an audience of a thousand persons at the most moderate computation, provided the price of admission is not unsuitable to the expenditure of the honest and respectable tradesman. Did not the amateurs at a most unfavourable time of the year, get up an oratorio perfectly unknown, the composer almost so, and yet were there not 2,500 ardent lovers of the art present to witness 'ST. PAUL,' for the first time in the metropolis? It is absurd, therefore, to say, if it had been Handel instead of Beethoven, the commemoration would have answered. If the prices had been retained at the usual sums, the whole affair would have assumed a totally different complexion.

We dispute not the merits—but other composers should be first had in

remembrance. Who is Beethoven, that he should depose Bach or Mozart? and why is the monument to be at Bonn and not at London, in St. Paul's, or Westminster Abbey? We can only for ourselves answer, that when the call is made on behalf of Bach and Mozart, we trust that no disinclination will be manifested in answering. That these mighty names have not yet appeared engraved in large and honourable characters we regret, but cannot conceive why this circumstance should operate to the disadvantage of Beethoven. After all, the greatest monument Beethoven can have is the proper performance of his works: the annual repetition of the choral symphony by 1000 or 1500 persons—the grand masonic hymn of Europe upborne by 1000 voices, and supported by an orchestra of 500 instrumentalists, would be the apotheosis which, even the composer would have desired for an extension of his thread of life to have witnessed.

A few lines remain for the concert. The selection combined: PART I. The Mount of Olives. PART II. The Choral Symphony. PART III. Overture Egmont.—Canon from Fidelio.—Concerto in E flat (pianoforte, Mr. Moscheles).—Grand scena in E.—And Finale from Fidelio. The orchestra, which was entirely new and presented a beautiful appearance, contained nearly 250 performers; the instrumentalists were from the Opera, Philharmonic and Ancient Concerts, Royal Academy, and Drury Lane bands; the choralists being the youthful members of the Academy and those attached to the theatre. The soli performers were, Mesdames Schröder Devrient, Bishop, Knyvett, Birch, Wyndham; Messrs. Braham, Bennett, Balfe, Seguin, and H. Phillips. The conductors, Sir George Smart, Mr. Moscheles, and Mr. Knyvett; the leaders, Messrs. F. Cramer, Loder, and T. Cooke: Messrs. Costa, Mori, Potter, and Lucas, were on the Committee of Management.

Our readers have heard of the Dutchman who wrote two large volumes on the wing of a butterfly—and his industry and perseverance might be well rivalled in expatiating on the *chef-d'œuvre* of Beethoven. Every repetition of the Grand Sinfonia places the mind of the composer in a new light;—what extraordinary union of the grand and the minute—of the most epic imagery with the most distinct detail!—what movements of exceeding beauty, natural and true, finely conceived, and all developed, adorned here and there with thoughts eminently pure and exquisite, elegant, natural, and rich in expression, undefiled by either affectations, incongruities, or obscure mysticism! Disclaiming the notion of composing in a style brief or compendious, and looking with scorn on those who never dared to be original, in this composition he sets no bounds to his fancy, acted upon as it is by the impulses of his heart, and fed by the inexhaustible fire of his genius. The Scherzo, the Corale, the Polonaise, the Prayer, the universal Hallelujah, as these movements succeed each other, the imagination of the auditor is tinted with stronger feelings, and a deeper interest: and ere the last sounds have died away, we feel convinced that had Beethoven been born at any other time, or in any other country, he must have “lived apart,” (to use his own words) and that however grand and powerful may have been the attributes of his predecessors in awaking the feelings, he has surpassed them all. One word on the performers. Miss Birch has great talent, otherwise we would not take the trouble to write how much we regretted to see her spoil all she did by some inappropriate ornaments. Do they come from the Academy, her master, or are they the spontaneous production of a fervid imagination, not yet repressed by care, study, and experience? If we had not high expectations of this lady, she might sing what she pleased, for ought we cared about it. Schröder sang with a power and truth with which only the music and a kindred genius could have supported. Mr. Moscheles' performance of the noble concerto, and his conducting the choral symphony, have been already mentioned in these pages. Both were beyond commendation. The Coralists in “Here seize

him," and the "Hallelujah," were very effective; the former (which is a similar movement to the pistol scene in the "Fidelio") was unanimously encored. In the last act, Mr. Knyvett and Mr. Cooke, the one with his bâton, and the other with his fiddlestick, amused the amateurs with fencing at each other. Mr. Cooke's performance was *obligato*, and arose out of the necessity of the case; the only seriously annoyed person appeared to be Mme. Schröder, who at last sang with such energy, that there could be "no mistake" about the time.

THEATRES.

ITALIAN OPERA.—Saturday, in consequence of the severe illness of Lablache, the new opera of Marliani was laid aside, and Semiramide substituted in its place. It was admirably performed. Albertazzi is a great singer in every respect, and her novel and varied ornaments are poured forth with an easy and almost *distract* manner as wonderful as it is delightful. Time has little effect on Rossini's compositions, and his best melodies are as fresh and heart-stirring as ever: but his monstrous violations of scenic effect, are such as always shock the conscience. The last scenes in this opera are in every way startling; the whole *corps dramatique* turn their backs on the Ghost, troll forth a merry chorus, turn round to take a second look at the intruder, and again start off in a still merrier strain. The auditors are then introduced to the interior of the tomb, into which Grisi, Albertazzi, Tamburini, and that lively gentleman, the high priest, steal in, one by one, chanting the melody 'Life let us cherish,' tricked out in Rossini's most fantastic attire; in the midst of which Albertazzi suddenly puts an end to the affair, by slaughtering the rival *cantatrice*,—and down falls the curtain.

On Tuesday Marliani's new opera of 'Ildegonda' was performed for the first time; and Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache, who looked pretty well, by much beautiful singing showed that they liked their parts and the music assigned them. We shall hereafter refer to the music and its composer. Her Majesty was present; but her desire to remain unobserved was thwarted in a scandalous manner by some ill-conditioned fellows, who as they had no feeling themselves, paid none to the greater portion of the audience, who deprecated in a very strong manner the pertinacious caterwauling, which ultimately succeeded in drawing the Queen forward. The house acknowledged the favour by overwhelming applause.

DRURY LANE.—On Saturday Mme. Schröder Devrient took her benefit at this theatre, and was honoured with as closely packed an audience as we ever witnessed. La Sonnambula was the opera, and in the *role* of Amina, this celebrated actress well sustained her reputation for unrivaled powers. The opera was repeated on Monday; and with Fidelio, on Tuesday, this theatre closed for the season.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MONSIEUR CHOPIN, the celebrated composer, has arrived in London, accompanied by Monsieur Camille Pleyel: his object being merely to see this great metropolis, his stay will be but for a few days.

PURCELL CLUB.—The next meeting of this interesting society takes place on the 15th of August. The members will attend divine service at the Abbey in the morning and afternoon, and will meet in the evening, at the Crown and Anchor, where ladies will be invited to attend.

ROYAL AMATEURS.—Her Majesty, besides being a good performer on the pianoforte, sings remarkably well; her voice is a mezzo soprano of very sweet

quality. The Duchess of Kent is a good musician, and plays the pianoforte scientifically. Most of the sons and daughters of George III. were accomplished musicians. His late Majesty King George IV. was an excellent performer on the violoncello, and he possessed a very fine bass voice. The Duke of Cambridge plays the violin in a very superior manner, and the Princess Augusta has composed many pretty vocal pieces. Queen Adelaide is an excellent judge of music, and is remarkably fond of sacred compositions, particularly full choruses. During the festival in Westminster Abbey she was frequently moved "even to tears" when the sublime choruses of Handel were performed."

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—The subscribers to the Ancient Concerts have lost a faithful servant in Mr. George Wilding, who died suddenly, aged seventy-six. Mr. Wilding had been ticket receiver to the Ancient Concerts for nearly half a century; also at the Opera House, and most of the benefit concerts; and he has published annually, since 1812, the words of the vocal pieces sung at the King's Concerts, together with a list of the directors, subscribers, performers, &c.

CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S.—The Queen and her august mother attended divine service in this elegant sanctuary last Sunday. The building has been exquisitely ornamented. Mr. Attwood presided at the new organ erected by Messrs. Hill and Davison.

CHAPELS ROYAL.—There are six organists attached to these establishments, Messrs. Attwood, Elvey, Gutteridge, Knyvett, Roberts, and Sir George Smart. Their deputies are Messrs. Massey and Cooper. The new organ at St. James's is, we understand, to be removed to Buckingham Palace, as the chapel at St. James's is but ill adapted for music. The chapel at Whitehall is excellently constructed for a choir, and the organ, small as it is, has still a fine and powerful effect.

HEREFORD FESTIVAL.—It affords us great pleasure to learn that her Majesty has been most graciously pleased to signify her intention of honouring the Musical Festival at Hereford with her special patronage; so there remains no doubt of its taking place next autumn.

THE MELODISTS' CLUB.—Mr. Hobbs, the successful candidate for the goblet given by the Duke of Sussex, has now borne away the prize for four years consecutively. His good fortune reminds us of Charles Evans in his bright and palmy days.

The Yorkshire amateur concerts, which were to have been held at Hull this year, on the 26th and 27th July, are postponed in consequence of the approaching parliamentary elections.

BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.—A rehearsal took place on the 13th, at the Hanover Square Rooms, when two cantatas or oratorios were brought forward for the first time in this country, called 'Die Krafte des Glaubens,' by Häser; and the 'Himmel-Fahrt,' by Neukomm. Of Häser's delightful cantata, we shall take an early opportunity of observing upon, and our readers will find in the present number a brief notice of the composer and his works. We believe M. Neukomm to be a very kind-hearted creature, and in many respects clever; but as a musician, especially as a composer in the higher branch of the art, he is miserably deficient. He wants *heart*, and no one can listen to twenty bars of any one of his compositions, without being seized with inexpressible feelings of langour or depression. In this respect he is like a popular writer, whose day however has long gone by; the once-celebrated Pleyel. But if Pleyel wanted feeling, he could occasionally be elegant and lively, attributes which Neukomm's compositions unfortunately never display. The 'Himmel-Fahrt' reminds us of Jack Rag and his celebrated aphorism, 'There is nothing moving but stagnation.' Of the four choruses to be found in the cantata, not

any one rises above mediocrity, and we trust there are a hundred young men in the metropolis, who could furnish the Birmingham amateurs with better music to assist them in the cause of charity, when any necessity may exist for calling into requisition second-rate talent, and its lucubrations, at a Birmingham festival.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—We have received a letter from a correspondent signed 'Fair Play,' which is too extended to insert. He observes that Mr. Collett Dobson has cast a severe censure on the principal and his colleagues; when it is affirmed that as Lord Burghersh's engagements called him out of town, those in authority failed to bring the band together for the purposes of practice. He laments there are no public examinations, the dearth of masters, and that when the pupils leave the academy, they should be compelled to seek improvement and further instruction elsewhere; referring to Miss Birch and her lessons with Sir George Smart as one instance out of many. He states there are no less than fourteen singing masters at the Conservatoire at Paris, and that there ought to be seven masters in the Academy here, for the purpose of teaching the theory; one each for thorough bass, harmony, counterpoint, vocal composition, instrumental composition, orchestral score, and the fugue. That none of the pupils are trained up in the strict school, that the organ is useless for all real purposes of instruction, and that when the students play for organists' situations, they are generally well-beaten, and lucky if they escape the scorn of their enemies, or the pity of their friends. If these observations are correct, they deserve attention, and we do not doubt that they will receive it from Lord Burghersh, and his able principal Mr Potter.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—The Dean and Chapter have at length turned their attention towards the musical service of this establishment. Lord John Russell is reported to have said in his place in the Lower House, that he 'rejoiced to find the alteration which had taken place in the conduct of the House of Lords, &c., it showed that the progress of public opinion was not neglected even there.' (!) We know nothing of the secretary's notion of the progress of public opinion in the Upper House, but we are delighted to find that public opinion has at length penetrated the secret recesses of the Chapter House of the Abbey, and the beneficial result has been, that the members of the choir have been presented with many new and valuable works in beautiful condition, as well as large MS. books for the insertion of original compositions. Its good effect has already taken place, for more beautiful music has been performed during the past week, than for a very long period. We trust the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's will speedily imitate so excellent an example; and as Mr. Sidney Smith delights in writing letters and in tendering advice, we hope he may lose no time in exercising his ingenuity on this subject.

ROYAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—It will be in the recollection of our readers that his late majesty and his amiable consort, took the deepest interest in the magnificent musical festival, which was held in Westminster Abbey in 1834; and that her present majesty, who attended with her royal mother, expressed herself highly gratified by the performance and splendour of the scene. By that festival the Royal Society of Musicians, the new Musical and Choral Funds (charitable institutions), as well as the Royal Academy of Music, were benefited 2,250*l.* each. This fact conveys, indeed, a very inadequate idea of the extent to which the public really contributed on this occasion; for it is notorious that ten guineas were, in many instances, demanded and paid for the two guinea tickets. The directors issued the whole of the tickets at the prices specified on the face of them; but the demand became so great that two and three guineas were paid for the rehearsal tickets at the music shops and libraries. In the event of another festival taking place next year, which

is not improbable, the directors will, of course, take care that the charitable institutions for whose benefit it may take place, shall derive every advantage from it which it can yield.

COUNT PEPOLI, the author of the *libretto* of the new opera, *Malek Adel*, has just had proof of the glorious uncertainty of the law. He was led to believe that an author had an exclusive right to his own publication, and accordingly last year he got his work printed here, and duly entered at Stationers' Hall. This spring, nevertheless, the manager of the Opera House, in consequence of an arrangement with a third party, printed the work and sold it. The author unsuccessfully disputed his right, and in addition to his first loss, has had to pay law charges to the amount of above 70*l*. The principal Italian artists have volunteered to get up a concert to reimburse him. They are to render their assistance *con amore*.—*Morning Post*. The Count's concert has taken place, was supported by first-rate talent, and brilliantly attended. We presume his object has been answered.

The following is a summary of the proceeds of the Nicholson Concert:

	£.	s.	d.
Sale of Concert Tickets	608	9	0
Donations	154	17	0
	763	6	0
By Expenses	70	10	4
Balance for the Family	£692	15	8

Operas, Concerts, &c. for the ensuing week.

Saturday, 22nd	Opera, Her Majesty's Theatre.
Monday, 24th	Balfé's Opera "Catherine Gray," at the English Opera. Miss Teresa Collins' Morning Concert, Hanover Square Rooms.
Tuesday, 25th	Opera.
Wednesday, 26th	Mme. Giannoni's Evening Concert, at the residence of Robert Panther, Esq. 5, Grafton Street, Bond Street.
Thursday, 27th	Opera.

WEEKLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANO-FORTE.

Chopin. 1st Set of Mazurkas, as Duets	WESSEL
Czerny. 24 Valses di Bravura. (Art Moderne du Doigter, No. 13)	DITTO
— Fantasia on Elisir d'Amore, No. 3	DITTO
Kalliwoða's Galopade, as a Piano-forte Duet, by Whitcombe ..	PAINE & Co.
Mangold (C.) Souvenir à ma Patrie. Grand Duet, for 2 Performers on one Piano-forte, op. 7 ..	WESSEL
The Warwickshire Yeomanry Quadrilles, by J. W. Young. Published for the Author by ..	WARNE
	VOCAL.
Charity. Song by E. Ransford ..	JEFFERIES
Dark is the night. Glee, 3 Voices, by the late J. C. Nightingale ..	MUNRO
God save Victoria	WOLF
I think of thee. Packer	BALLS
If those are tears, and shed for me. Ballad, John Lodge, Esq.	LONSDALE
My throne is there. W. Kirk ..	JEFFERIES
O'er the lone sea. Song, composed by Henri Herz	D'ALMAINE
Schubert. Bass Song. "Tis sport, I love thee dearly	WESSEL
Sister Fairies, hither. Romanza by Henri Herz	D'ALMAINE

Weber. Bass Song, No. 15.

Would'st thou then know them? WESSEL
FOREIGN VOCAL.

Tu di quest'anima. Mayer PLATTS || | SACRED. |

Sale (J. B.) Psalms and Hymns for the Service of the Church, with Chants, Services, and Responses, and System of Chanting SALE |

MISCELLANEOUS.

Clinton. La Cachucha, Flute and Piano-forte	WESSEL
Der zehn fingerigen Pianist. Fantasia von Francois Miné, componirt und achtungsvols gewidmet an dem Herrn Sigismund Thalberg	D'ALMAINE
Kuhlau. Third Grand Duet, Piano and Violin concertante ..	WESSEL
Reissiger's 10th Grand Trio, op. 115, for Piano-forte, Violin, and Violoncello	DITTO
Assisa à pie d'un salise. Rossini, for Guitar	JOHANNING
Amora ah sorgerai. Ditto, Ditto ..	DITTO
Ecco ridente. Ditto, Ditto	DITTO
Psalms and Hymns, harmonised, with appropriate Preludes and Interludes, by C. H. Rink	BALLS
Una volta era. Rossini, Guitar ..	JOHANNING